

more than words

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by [Rlillies](#)

Summary

The bright LED's of the PC leaves a harsh and bright burn behind his eyes, the tips of his fingers feel numb with the inscentant tapping from the result of his never ending gaming. The block world of a random Minecraft seed generates as he finally loads up his stream. The late night almost early morning stream still warrants over fifty thousand viewers, his first speed running stream since the accusation of cheating fell upon him.

“Hello...” Dream tentatively says, double checking that his stream settings are correct.
“There we go. Hello!”

Based off of a piece of fanart that I saw and didn't save of George cuddling with Dream in his gaming chair, also based off of Dream's most recent stream.
this is almost entirely fluff

edit: someone found the art for me so here!!!
<https://twitter.com/callistopt/status/1346472032628686858?s=19>

its super well done and i think you should totally go look at it!

Notes

please dont share this with the cc
also if the cc's say they are uncomfy with this i will take it down

The bright LED's of the PC leaves a harsh and bright burn behind his eyes, the tips of his fingers feel numb with the insistent tapping from the result of his never ending gaming. The block world of a random Minecraft seed generates as he finally loads up his stream. The late night almost early morning stream still warrants over fifty thousand viewers, his first speed running stream since the accusation of cheating fell upon him.

"Hello..." Dream tentatively says, double checking that his stream settings are correct. "There we go. Hello!"

His eyes flicker over to the chat, the offline chat quickly changing to the online chat. The speed at which chat almost instantly picks up would have overwhelmed Dream a year ago.

"Hi. How's everyone doing?" He starts moving his bright green character around, jumping from tree top to tree top. Dream checks the chat to ensure that the notification was sent out and that he doesn't start anything without the notif-squad.

"Has the notification been sent out yet?" Not even a few seconds go by before spams of '*notification squad*' and '*omg i screamed when i saw the notification!*' He chuckles at the comments. "I missed streaming and I missed you guys."

He quickly exits the current world he was in after he made his proper introduction to the stream, explaining a bit on how the stream is going to go. He comes up with the '#askdream' hashtag and finally opens a new world and begins his speed runs.

For the first thirty minutes of his stream the speed runs continue to turn out shitty, he has only been in a call with Sapnap, which has been a little weird since they live together but he and George have been doing it for a few months before so it was easy to get used to.

The thought of his boyfriend sleeping in their bed alone makes Dream go quiet for a minute, not responding to the jabs that Sapnap keeps making at him. Out of the two of them George has always been the one that slept the most, who was able to sleep just about anywhere. The only reason Dream mourns their time difference is how synched their sleep schedules were since George always woke up with the sun and Dream has been able to stay up till the ass-crack of dawn.

Dream loves living with George, and he is so thankful that his boyfriend was able to get to America before COVID truly kept them locked in their own respective countries. The only downside is how much George sleeps and Dream's inability to fall asleep at the same time as him.

He is snapped out of his thoughts by the sound of a light knock on his office. The knock is quiet enough that his microphone doesn't pick it up. Quickly he turns to his stream and lets them know that he is going to mute for a minute because Patches is scratching at his door. He hears a brief complaint from Sapnap which goes silent the second Dream mutes and takes off his headset.

Dream pushes off from his desk and stands up, his lanky legs crack and pop from disuse. In only a few steps he makes it to his door and gently opens it. George stands at the door, his face soft and his eyes reflecting exhaustion and their fuzzy blanket wrapped around his shoulders.

“What are you doing up baby?”

No matter how many times Dream has called George baby the man always blushes and becomes flustered, the fact that he is tired doesn't help. “I woke up to you and Nick screaming and I saw that you were streaming.”

Dream looks at him with a face that says ‘this doesn't tell me why you're in my office while I'm live’. “Clay, can I just sit in here with you? I miss you but I'm not going to ask you to come to bed.”

Dream smiles, both at the adorable request and at George calling him his actual name. “Of course baby. Do you want to lie on the couch?”

George doesn't say anything he just nods and pushes forward, he softly pads over to the couch and collapses onto the soft and plush couch. George readjusts himself and his blanket, the readjustment allows for Dream to see the hoodie that George wears, unsurprising but still satisfying is the fact that his boyfriend is wearing one of his own sweatshirts.

The older man lies down and closes his eyes, a satisfied small smile rests on his face as he nuzzles deeper into the warmth of his blanket. Dream smiles and his heart warms at the sight of his boyfriend getting comfortable and falling back asleep.

A satisfied smile creeps onto Dream's face, glad that his insomniac self can provide a bit of comfort to his polar opposite boyfriend. Dream takes the few steps back to his desk and throws himself back into his chair, he puts his headset back on and double checks that he was muted the entire time.

A sigh of relief falls out when he sees the familiar look of the microphone icon being 'x'ed out. The loud voice of Sapnap comes through when he unmutes.

“So... Patches wanted what?”

Dream can hear the accusation in Nick's voice, the younger undoubtedly knowing what the true culprit is for dragging Dream away from his stream. The blond smirks and pushes Sapnap further, “Oh it was just Patches being needy. She's sleeping on my couch in the office.”

Sapnap lets out a loud laugh, knowing that Dream is truly talking about George. An inside joke between the three roommates, one who is napping.

Another thirty minutes pass, one successful run has passed when a noticeable amount of movement from the corner of Dream's eye catches his attention. He quickly looks behind him at George and sees the man with his eyes open and gazing at Dream. Something goes through the smaller man's mind in only a few seconds. Dream can see the internal conversation in George's exhausted eyes.

Dream doesn't have enough time to watch the argument unfold so he turns back around and faces his PC, getting back into his speed run. His eyes flicker over to the chat and sees them spamming, asking why he paused for such a short amount of time.

The blond smiles, before he can truly get back into the run he feels a gentle tug at his sleeve. Without thinking he looks over at George and says “What's wrong baby?”

His eyes widened as soon as he said it, George barely processed the fact that Dream called him baby on stream. Quickly Dream apologized to the stream and said that Patches was trying to get his attention again. He muted himself as soon as he was done saying that and he rips his headset off.

George stands in front of Dream awkwardly, shuffling between his feet, the blanket held tight in his hand as he stares Dream down.

Dream places his large hands on George's much smaller waist and gently tugs him forward. The man follows without hesitation, something that indicates the true level of exhaustion he is at.

“Baby...” George acknowledged Dream's call for him by giving a small hum. “What do you

want?”

A flush crawls up George’s neck and face, the request that he is about to make finally catching up to his consciousness thoughts. “I uh... can I...”

He continues to stumble over his words, suddenly embarrassed with his request. Dream however knows his boyfriend all too well and pulls him into his own larger body. George instinctively falls into Dream’s lap, his legs curling in on himself and his head falls onto Dream’s chest.

He feels the soft rumble of Dream laughing, his chest gently vibrating. Dream looks down at his boyfriend and gently cradles him for a second, kissing the top of his head before he finally turns back around and facing his PC again.

He puts his headset back on and scoots his chair as close to the desk as he dares with having another body between him. Once satisfied with the distance he gently readjusts the blanket that lies now on top of both George and himself.

The other man in question nuzzles into the space between Dream’s neck and shoulder even more, the top of his head only barely hitting Dream’s collarbone. Satisfied that his boyfriend is comfortable, Dream leans forward and finally undeafens in the call with Sapnap.

“Sorry, Patches wanted up in my lap and I can’t just say no to that.”

Sapnap absolutely breaks down, knowing exactly what Dream means when he said Patches wanted into his lap. The Texan starts laughing so hard that Dream can hear him from throughout the house. Dream looks down at George and sees him glare in the direction the Sapnap is at.

Dream sighs, giving up on the run that he’s been in, and takes his right hand off the mouse gently strokes George’s calf that lies out next to him. Quickly the man’s eyes flutter shut again and practically starts purring in his arms.

“Sap. Calm down you’re spooking Patches.” Again, Dream’s comment sends Sapnap into another laughing fit, this one thankfully not making George angry or upset. “Jesus, you guys see what I have to deal with?”

He finally addresses chat again, he looks back over at chat and sees them spamming how cute his

voice gets when he talks to Patches and gushing over the fact that he calls her 'baby'. He can't help but chuckle at the fact that if chat knew who he actually was talking to how much they would truly freak out.

He quickly has his minecraft character run into a nearby ravine to quickly and dramatically end the current run. "Okay guys, I think I'm going to end the stream after the next actual run."

A series of complaints spams throughout the chat, not wanting the first stream from him in months to end. While he doesn't want to disappoint his fans he can't help but need to let George rest in a proper bed where his body won't hate him the next morning. The man having pulled this stunt during the many other times that Dream was up late and complaining the next morning.

His last run went well, he didn't get anywhere near his better times but it sub thirty minutes. He is actually surprised that he didn't have a higher time with the fact that he has his sleeping boyfriend curled in his lap, George's body barricaded by Dreams' slightly tanned arms that have been continuously moving on his keyboard and mouse.

Dream hovers his mouse over the end stream button and lightly presses the button, he then quickly tabs out of his OBS and opens the teamspeak. Without saying goodbye to Sapnap, Dream leaves the teamspeak call.

Slowly and trying to not disturb George, the blond takes off his headset and gently scoots his chair back. His socks slip on the floor as he moves backwards, "Baby? The stream has ended, let's get you to bed."

George blinks back awake, a small amount of consciousness pulls a soft grumble from George. He mumbles out a quiet response, not necessarily unintelligible but his response was slurred together. "Clay? 'Uo'r done 'reaming?"

Clay smiles down at George, "I am done streaming, lets go to bed."

The smaller man doesn't move, only looks at Clay, just expecting him to carry him to their bed. Clay shakes his head with a fond smile.

Before he can get his arms underneath George's legs and torso, his door practically flies open.

“You’re still streaming!” Sapnap shouts as he bursts through the door, his exclamation and urgency sends Dream back into streamer mode as he quickly opens the tab and his eyes widen. The constant blinking of OBS telling him that he is still streaming, the small box says *stop streaming* instead of *start streaming* , the constant moving audio mixer indicates that his microphone has picked up his and George's conversation.

Not wanting to deal with the possibility of backlash Dream immediately and properly ends the stream. He looks over at Sapnap with a dumbfounded look on his face, unsure what to do at this point. Dream drags his green eyes away from the Texan at the door and instead at the Brit that lies in his lap, the man wearing a very similar look on his face akin to what Dream assumes his face looks.

“Fuck.”

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